

GARRISON AND LEHMAN'S CAVE SUBJECTS OF A BREEZY LETTER

Special to The Tribune.

GARRISON, April 3.—Perhaps not one in fifty of the residents of Utah could say he ever heard of Garrison, and hardly one in ten of those who have heard the name could give its location. While not especially famous, Garrison is unique in being one of the very few places where the dress, customs and habits of the wild and woolly west yet linger, and decline to retreat before a more aesthetic civilization. Cattle raising is yet one of the chief industries, and the necessary "chaps" wide-brim hats, handkerchiefs tied loosely around the neck, huge spurs and dangerous-looking guns, constitute the seven-days-per-week apparel of many of the men.

Garrison is a village, but two apparently prosperous saloons form a part of the western accessories, and are largely supported by nomadic sheepmen. The saloons do business seven days per week, and gambling is as open in Garrison as during the good old days in Salt Lake, when the agents of the prophets wore stars and carried clubs in the name of the Lord, and for a consideration winked at the wickedness of Commercial street.

Nearly every residence and all the business houses are built of log and in the quaint style of the frontier. To the ancient Utah who looks askance on advancing civilization, Garrison reminds him of an old, long-cherished and almost forgotten friend. While he looks at the "chaps" and spurs there comes a longing to "climb" upon a broncho and once more race over the prairie after a bunch of mustangs or cattle.

Garrison is situated in western Millard county and within a half mile of the Nevada state line. Snake valley stretches out to the north from Garrison and is lost in an arm of the Great Salt Lake desert at the base of the Deep Creek range. To the northwestern corner of the state, Jeff Davis peak lifts its bald head into the region of perpetual snow. Some ten miles further is the old-time pioneer camp of Osceola.

Garrison has a reservoir and a water supply ample for 100 families, each of which might own and irrigate fifty acres. But owing to the inexplicable policy in vogue here, and the shrill wails of the precious aqueduct, sixteen families monopolize the streams on less than 2000 acres.

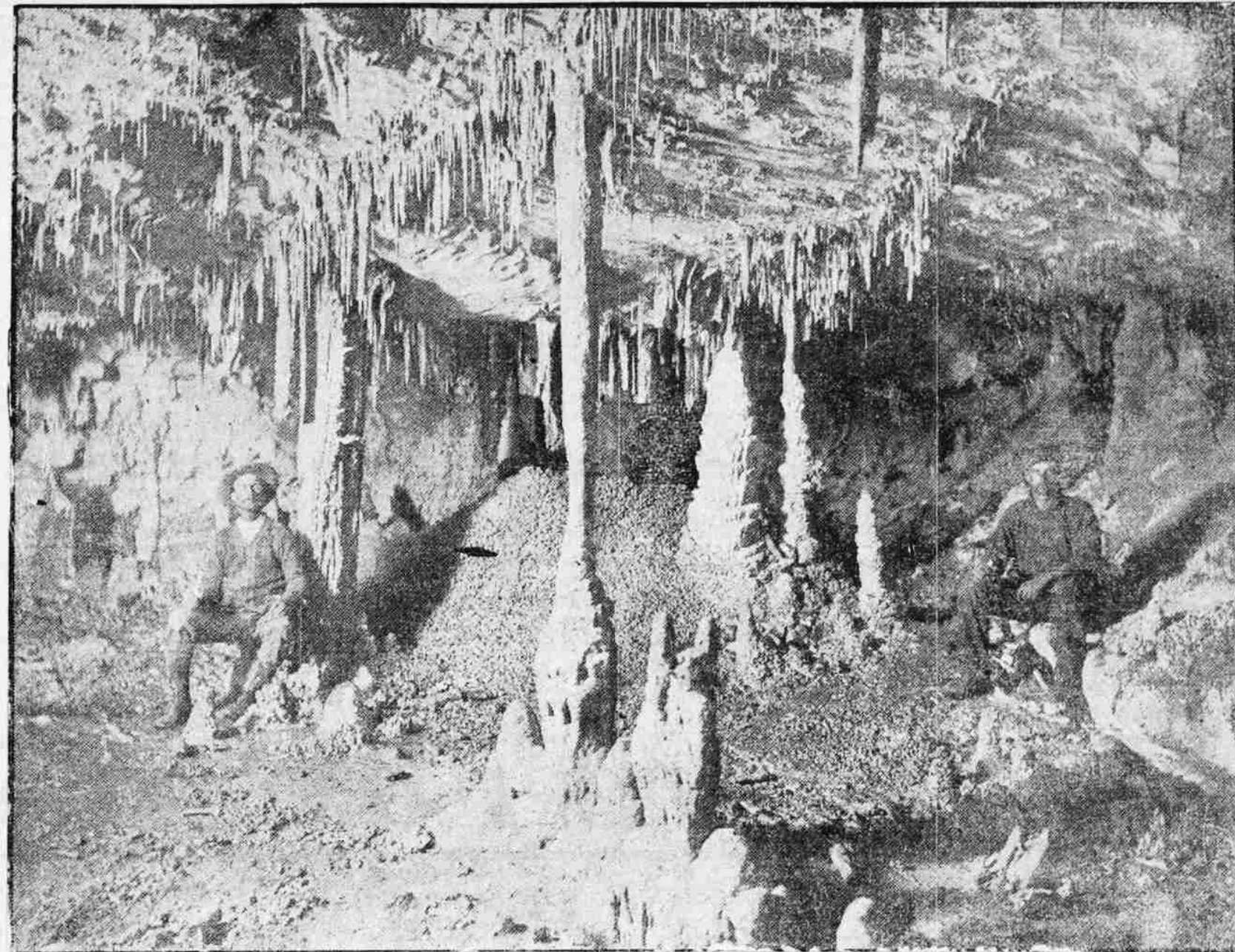
But the objective point of this letter is not Garrison—it is Lehman's cave. The isolated situation of the cave is such that only a few favored mortals have had the pleasure of looking over the bewildering panorama of exquisite beauty which, in Egyptian darkness, exists in the base of grim Jeff Davis peak.

Some twenty odd years ago, Almer Lehman, a veteran of the Civil war, began the work of making a small farm on a stream that tumbled down the east side of the Snake range. The locality is some four miles west of the stage road from Newhouse to Elly, via Garrison, and Osceola.

One day, while "snaking" fencing from the base of Mt. Davis, Lehman's dog dislodged some slabs of limestone which, apparently, had been carefully placed over the opening of a nearly vertical descent into a large room. Peering down into the gloom, Mr. Lehman saw a pine pole, from which the branches had been severed a few inches from the trunk, thus forming a rude ladder, the "rounds" of which were well worn. The cave was distant not more than 100 feet from Lehman's residence. Securing candles, the deeply-interested discoverer descended to the first room, about twenty feet long by sixteen feet wide, and fifteen to twenty feet to the ceiling. A large pile of ashes told the story of its occupation by ancient dwellers. On the walls were rude sketches, in red paint, of mountain goats, caricatures of humans and hieroglyphics. From the date of the discovery of the cave, Almer Lehman divided his time between improving his mountain ranch and opening and exploring his underground fairy land.

It was the Lehman cave that induced The Tribune's representative to take the stage ride from Newhouse to Elly, a distance of 140 long and strenuous miles, and visit the locally celebrated cave. By a fortunate coincidence, the writer met J. W. Crain, an adept in flashlight photography, who was stopping in Garrison. Mr. Crain's services were secured, and to his skill The Tribune readers are indebted for the accompanying realistic pictures.

Descending a narrow and tortuous fissure from the first room, a distance of sixty or seventy feet, the visitor is suddenly confronted by a magnificent column some four feet in diameter and twenty-five to thirty feet in height. It is beautifully fluted and as fantastically decorated with volutes, tangled vines and other unique ornamentations as if chiseled by an artist gone mad with the voluptuousness of his genius. That massive column is labeled "Grant's monument," and is decorated with small flags. Not more than five feet distant is another col-



BALL ROOM.

umn similar in size and beauty to the Grant column and is named "Lincoln monument." Apparently Mr. Lehman's first thought was of the two great leaders in the civil war.

The visitor then enters the music gallery, a corridor four feet wide, fifteen feet long and ten feet from floor to roof. Attached to the north wall and extending downward from the roof well toward the floor are slabs of varying length, width and thickness. When lightly struck with a piece of wood, the larger slabs respond with the deep, rich tones of an organ, while the smaller slabs yield tones as clear and even more vibrant than those of the higher notes of the most costly piano. Thus, in an almost perfect gradation from the lowest to the highest notes, nature has made from carbonate of lime, and drop by drop, a musical instrument that is the marvel and delight of those who hear it.

A short distance from the music gallery is "Washington's monument," which is startlingly grand and beautiful. A grateful nation has reared grander monuments to Washington, Lincoln and Grant than those built by nature in the stygian blackness of Lehman's cave, but there are none today, nor ever will be, more exquisitely beautiful and awe-inspiring than those that stand in darkness and solitude and which were named for them by the old veteran who, a few years since, joined his compatriots on the other side.

Just beyond the Washington column is the "Fairy Grotto," some twelve feet square and high, into which nature has crowded an extravaganza of stalactites and stalagmites beauty.

A narrow passage a hundred feet long leads from the Fairy Grotto to the "Cypress Swamp," a room fully seventy-five feet wide by more than 100 feet long. The floor is a mass of stalagmite nodules and in its unevenness slightly resembles a bog. The ceiling is quite smooth, about nine feet above the floor, and of a pearly

gray tint. Almost geometrically perfect squares and other forms caused by fracturing adorn the roof. From the fractures hang myriads of closely clustered slender stalactites, thus dividing the ceiling into panels. On the tip of each stalactite hangs a tiny drop of lime-dripped water which, in the aggregate, reflect the light like millions of precious stones. Stalactites from an inch to six inches in diameter are suspended from the roof and reach downward toward stalagmites that, as the years go by, are growing upward and eventually will become supporting columns for the roof. A very forest of columns have been thus formed in the cypress swamps. Here and there are stalagmite "stumps" four to eight inches in diameter, and from one to six feet in height, whose tops are crowned with tufts of coral-like structure so filmy that the slightest touch mars their beauty. When lighted with the brilliant flashlight, cypress swamps with its alabaster columns and glittering roof pendants, its grottoes and dark recesses, its lights and shadows is a scene so delicately unreal and gloriously beautiful as to elude one's best effort at description.

Another tortuous passage and one stands near what may easily be imagined to be a fisherman's hut. Dip nets and other fishing paraphernalia, and fish strung on poles are so real as to be grotesque. A "petrified" woman stands on an elevation some five feet above the ground. Her attitude is that of one intently gazing out over the ocean anxiously awaiting in the twilight the return of the absent fisherman. Beyond her is an open space that darkens in the distance. As one looks on the strange scene he can almost hear the roar of the breakers on the rock-bound coast, and the murmuring of the waves as they retreat from their persistent onslaughts.

By a circuitous route the bewildered visitor is ushered into the environs of

"Lake Como," was such a stretch of fancy scenes of all that grand succession of splendid palaces. However, the name, "Lake Como," was such a stretch of fancy on the part of Veteran Lehman that truthful men like the writer, cannot conscientiously endorse. The "lake" consists of two or three shallow pools of water four to five feet across. Grouped around the pools are numerous beautiful stalagmites. The roof sparkles with thousands of pendant stalactites, while ambitious and patient stalagmites wait for the time when those tiny pendant drops of water will transform their round-topped stumps into majestic columns. To the east of the pools is a balcony of such transcendent gorgeousness as human architect never dreamed. The front of the balcony is formed by a row of columns of such exquisite loveliness that any serious attempt to describe them would be a burlesque. Lake Como is the crowning glory of Lehman's buried fairyland.

Not half of the rooms have been mentioned. Along that delightful distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile from the portal of Lake Como there are surprises at every turn. One passes over and down congealed cascades. With feelings akin to awe he looks on an "angel's wing" of alabaster whiteness and perfect form and symmetry. With indescribable pleasure he views finely sculptured statues, cartoons in stone and a thousand forms which his awakened imagination distorts into realities. There are shades so grotesquely like human beings clad in flowing robes of such dazzling whiteness that if met on one of the highways of the upper world, would compel a dead faint from excusable fright.

From Lake Como a black, dismal fissure ascends into a cave that is nearly 100 feet in width, 300 feet long and more than 100 feet to the jagged, arched roof dimly seen by the flickering light of a half dozen candles. The visitor

has ascended over great bowlders with dangerous crevasses on all sides. He stands on limestone bowlders, each of which would weigh fully fifty tons. He is told by the guide that he is standing directly under the snow-clad dome of Jeff Davis, which is fully 2000 feet above him. The sudden transition from scenes of weird gorgeousness to that black, dismal and seemingly illimitable dungeon, reminds one of Milton's descriptions of the descent of the devil and his angels from heaven to hell. The visitor lingers for a moment and asks himself the question, "Is this like the ending of beautiful, glorious life?" He turns backward towards Lake Como, and stands not on the order of his going.

Many people object to taking the strong medicines usually prescribed by physicians for rheumatism. There is no need of internal treatment in any case of muscular or chronic rheumatism, and more than nine out of every ten cases of the disease are of one or the other of these varieties. When there is no fever and little (if any) swelling, you may know that it is only necessary to apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely to get quick relief. Try it. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Price, 25 cents; large size, 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Tribune Want Ads.
Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

Latest New York Fashion

By EDITH RAYMOND

NEW YORK, April 3.—The clinging scanty styles of the time put out of leadership temporarily the transparent materials. That such fabrics are not used is in no sense to be understood. They are employed, and freely, but opaque weaves with more body to drag them into desired length of line are in better standing with the dressmaker and her fashionable client. The manufacturer, with his usual prophetic sight, has prepared his wares for this exigency. Fine sheer textures of silk or of silk and wool mixed never were more abundant in variety if they were ever before so plentiful. The newest of them show a tendency to wailes of one kind or another. The diagonal twills of the serges and cashmeres are frequent effects in silk goods, as well as in silk and wool mixtures, and ottoman cords somewhat flattened or as ridgy as the original silk of that name also figure prominently. Such materials in all silk are classed with the silk cashmeres, which are having a great run. They are fine and supple and have the gloss desired with present styles.

The tendency toward dull dark colors goes on in spite of the approaching summer. The mixture of gray and brown with deep tones is still, as in the winter, one of the signs of the time. The purples are strong, but the dyes are in soft and pleasing tones. One material which has not been mentioned is the layade, striped silk of ottoman or bengaline weave in one tone, the stripes being in satin and of various widths to suit the many needs. Some of the stripes are so narrow that even a woman of healthy girth can wear them without being magnified a line. Layade stripes are, as every woman knows, for the favored few, not for persons who have lines to conceal rather than reveal.

The silk and wool ottoman of sheer texture is making up very handsome costumes for summer, either for the house in princess gowns or in three-piece suits with coats. Those ottoman cloths come in as long a range of colors as the broadcloths which means that all tones and shadings are theirs. Crepe weaves are in growing favor. They reappeared in the styles in cottons and hile threads, but have extended to the wools and silks. By fall such weaves are pretty sure to be here in a multitude of effects not yet seen.

Silk and wool fish net is another of the new mixtures which is to be had at all the well stocked departments. Fish nets—and in fact all the other nets—are in high favor for gowns and waists and for yokes and sleeves. There is also a silk and wool flit net, the square meshes being effective in entire suits. One of the fancies of the hour is fur coats made of net to wear over silk princess gowns. In very dainty tints there comes a flannel weave of silk and wool blend, which makes up the loveliest waists and negligees for chilly summer use. The voices are less talked of than for some seasons, but their usefulness for general all around wear insures their safety against retirement. They are here in not only the plain surfaces, but in a host of novel embroidered and broadened effects. Some of the newest are so lacy as to rival the nets.

In some of the most characteristic dresses of the new season drapery effects are preserved; at the same time the straight line, that has been such a feature, is retained. This is accomplished partly by the cut and by placing the drapery center as high up as possible. A charming frock of motor crepe illustrated this point. There was a long and rather full under or foundation skirt, which had a simple design, done in hand embroidery, around the bottom, within about two inches of the edge; the princess tunic fell in similar lines over it at the right side and back, while at the front and left it was cut out at knee depth, square across and slashed to a point. At the top this left side was caught up on a few gathers, the swallow folds being allowed to fall free. The waist of this, too, was fetching. There was one of the fancifully shaped boleros that are still popular

and very likely to continue so, one that a hand, narrow under the arms, gracefully widened to the center of back and front, fitted snugly over top of the skirt. It was circular at neck, and cut out below, so that the feet was of a three-inch hand extending across the armholes. All of this was brodered in French work like the skirt, the pattern being emphatic with silk cording.

This bolero was worn over a double guimpe. One to which is directly attached was of mousseline, some closely shirred all over, sleeves similarly fashioned, and finished with a banding of the embroidery, the top this gave appearance tucked yoke as attached to the since it could easily be made into a yoke and sleeves of being lace. Altogether this was one of the smartest dresses seen in a long time.

Soft silks of the less expensive variety are being made into little "dresses" afternoon or semi-evening. At a small dinner the evening one of the guests who, a debutante last year, has achieved something of a reputation pretty frocks, wore a pale rose silk, made simply with a plain skirt that was lifted about two inches at side, with panel composed solidly of frills inserted in the waist, attached to an underskirt, but so the skirt itself, although as the skirt lapped over it it had the appearance of being on a separate bottom. The bodice was attached to skirt under a shaped tulle girthing, bordered with rose silk in the lining. Embroidery has been recently introduced, and it was entirely self color. There was the yoke has almost come to be proverbial there was full-length sleeves of the shirred at the top and an inch at the under sides, giving a so draped appearance to them that was effective. Over the net sleeves half sleeves of the silk; they, too, shirred, but more closely and zonally.

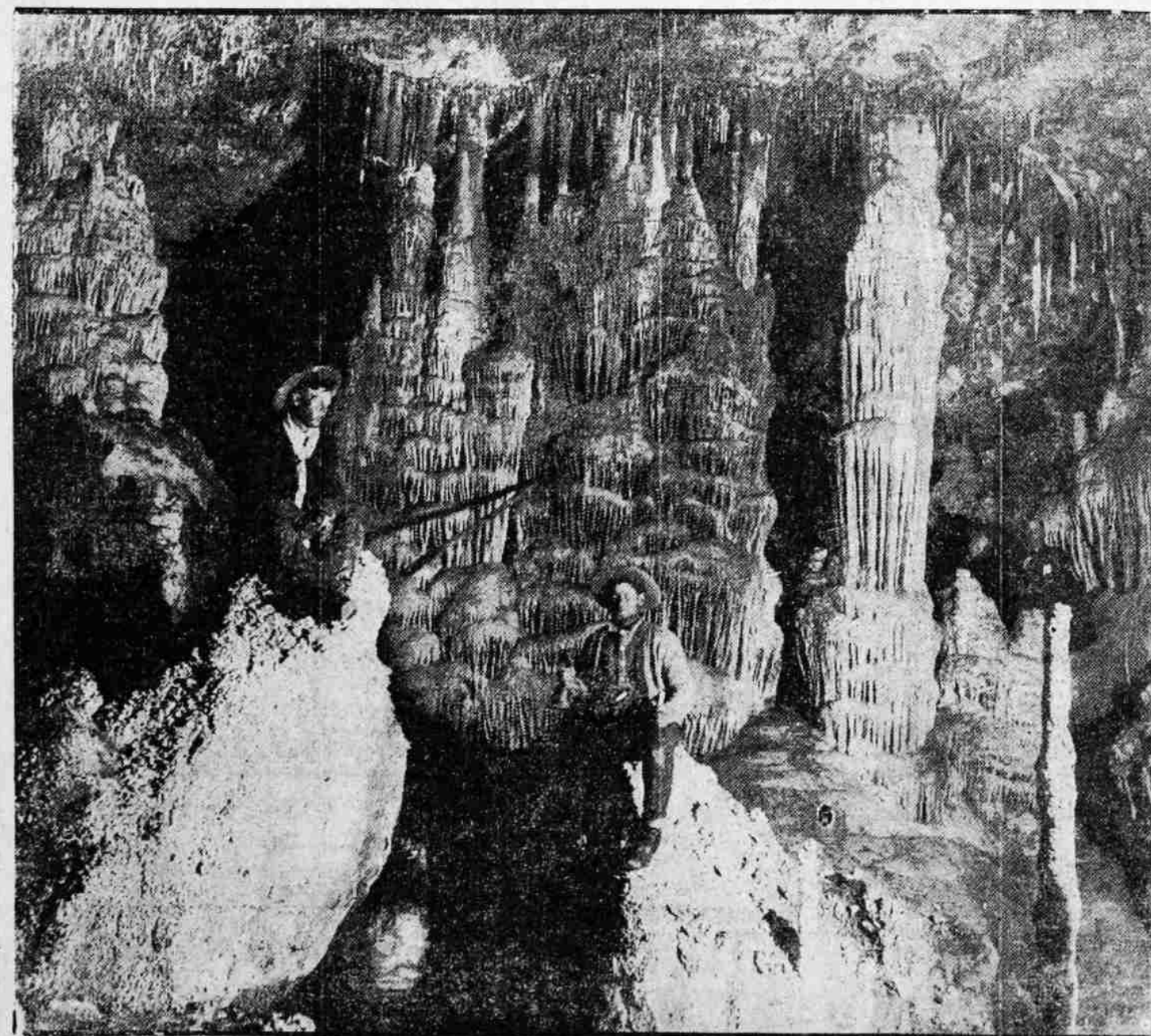
Several wraps of new design been noticed recently, among them a daytime coat of satin, made with French back, then a triangular section cut from the center, and over braided piece of the same all sorted. The braiding did not extend on the coat, and otherwise the cut was very similar to the garment of its kind, but distinction stamped plainly on it. A single silk-covered button mold decorated front, serving as its fastening, sleeves were shaped to the arm, too closely.

DEAFNESS CURED

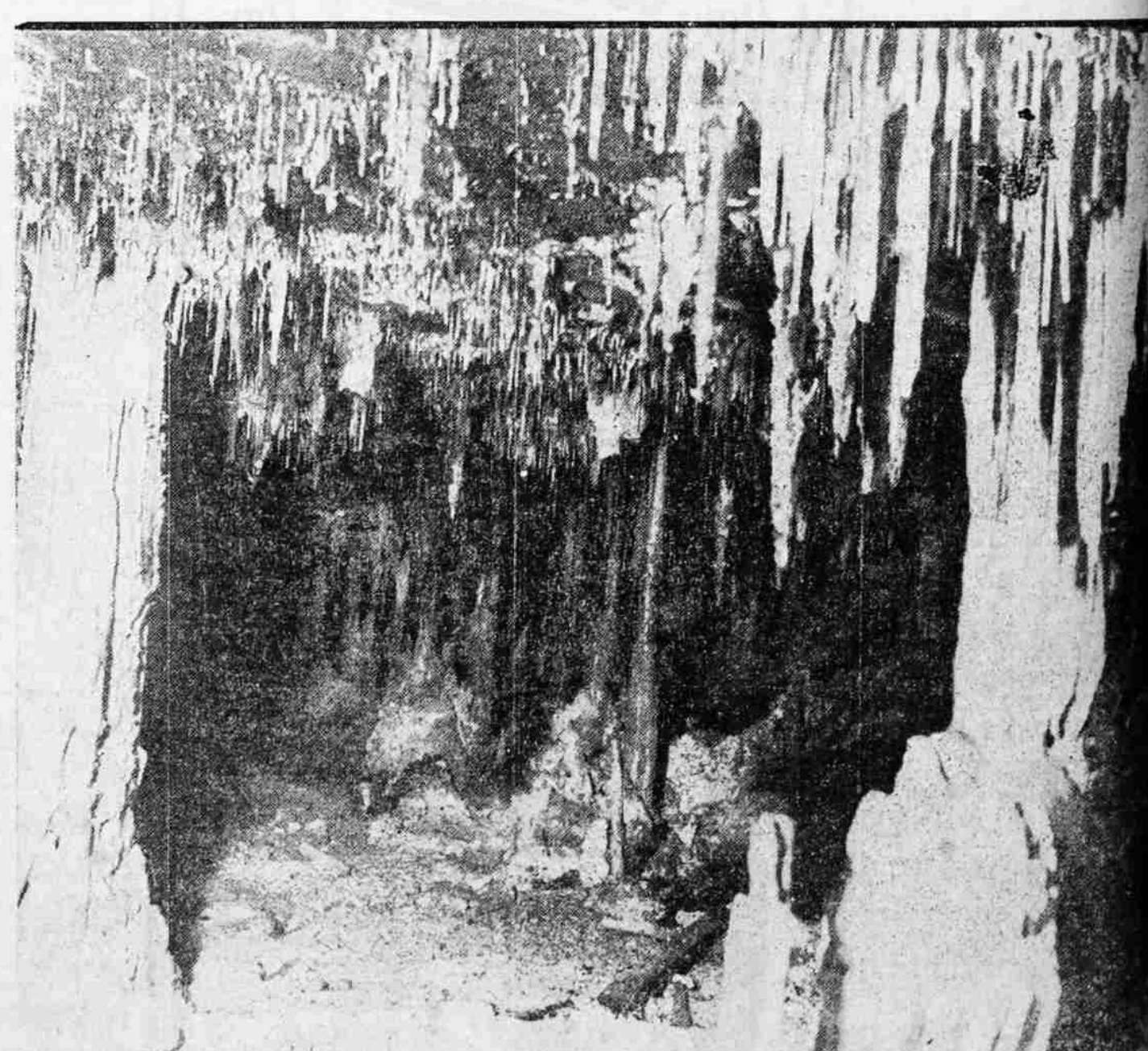
By New Discovery.



The secret of how to use the myristic and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has been discovered by the famous Physicist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, of New York. He will send full information how they can be absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their loss. This marvelous treatment is simple, natural and certain that you wonder why it was not discovered earlier. Investigators are astonished and patients themselves marvel at the results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly cured to stay cured at home without visiting a cent. Write today to Dr. Clifford Powell, 4623 Bank Bldg., 11th, and get full information of this and wonderful discovery, absolutely



LAKE COMO.



CYPRESS SWAMP.